

CREEPY STORIES TO CHILL YOUR BLOOD!

No. 15 EVERY MONDAY 30th JUNE 1984

**NOT
FOR THE
NERVOUS!**

22p

SCREAM!

**DIE, VAMPIRE
HUNTER!**

**DRACULA
MUST BE
DESTROYED
...BUT HOW?**

Australia 65c.
New Zealand 65c.
Malaysia B1.45.
Transylvania 2 Marks.

PRESENT DAY LONDON.
DRACULA RE-LIVES
THE ASHMOREY OF HIS
DISCOUNTS WITH
VAMPIRE HUNTER
ALEXANDER QUINN...

I HAD HIM!
I HAD HIM IN MY
POWER—BUT
INSTEAD OF
STRIKING, I
GLOATED OVER
MY HELPLESS
VICTIM...

ANNNAA! YOU'LL
NEVER MAKE ME
INTO A FETTER
CREATURE SUCH
AS YOURSELF...

OH, BUT I WILL, MR. QUINN.
MY FINGER BITE WILL TRANSFORM
YOU INTO A VAMPIRE... BUT
FIRST I INTEND TO MAKE YOU
SUFFER!

SO YOUR SERVANT
SURVIVED MY LITTLE
WELCOME PARTY.
WELL, NOW HE FACES
THE MOST POWERFUL
VAMPIRE OF ALL...

HAS FEAR
FROZEN YOUR
TONGUE, DAD?

HE'S A MUTE,
DRACULA... AND
LIKE ME HE LOST
A LOVED ONE TO
YOUR UNHOLY
HUNGER... SO
HE ALSO WANTS
REVENGE!

THE DRACULA FILE

SUDDENLY...

WHAT? WHO
DARES ENTER
UNINVITED?

GAH!

OOOFF!

DRACULA'S
FOLLOWER IS
DISTRACTED...
HE HAS
RELEASED
HIS CRIPPA
LITTLE...

TAKE
THAT?



UNNGH!



MEANWHILE...

AH, I SENSE YOU
WEAKENING... YOU
ARE SINKING, FOR
A MORTAL.



BUT TO ME
YOU ARE LESS
THAN NOTHING!



HOW YOU WILL
SUFFER THE SAME
FATE... WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT?

SOMETHING
WHICH YOU
CANNOT BEAR.
VAMPIRE...



HOLY
WATER!

AARRGH!



AARRGH...
IT BURNS!
IT BURNS!

FOR THIS YOU
WILL SUFFER
AS NO MAN
HAS SUFFERED...



WE SHALL CONTINUE
THIS BATTLE ON MY
OWN TERMS...

AH, MY FRIEND
YOU SIR, I THOUGHT
HE HAD KILLED YOU.

COME, WE
MUST FINISH
THIS NOW.



AND FIRE
CAN KILL A
VAMPIRE!

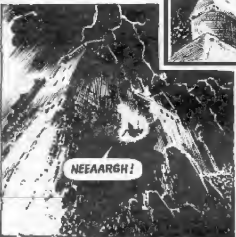


WHAT?
NOOO!

BURN!



AARRGH!



NEEAARRGH!

WE'LL NEVER FIND
HIS REMAINS NOW.
THAT MEANS I
CANNOT END HIS
EXISTENCE...



HE MAY
YET RISE
AGAIN...

AND NOW AGAIN
FIND MYSELF ON
THE RUN... HUNTED,
LIKE SOME COMMON
PEASANT!

BUT NO MORE! BEWARE,
NEW VAMPIRE HUNTER
WHOEVER YOU MAY BE,
I HAVE LEARNED THE
LESSON OF ALEXANDER
GUINN WELL...



AND RISE AGAIN I DID!
RECURRING BY A GROUP
OF WOULD-BE DEVIL
WORKSHIPPERS. I DECIDED
TO SEEK OUT A NEW
HUNTING GROUND...



...I RETURNED TO ENGLAND,
TO MOKON HALL. IT HAD BEEN
MY RESIDENCE ON EARLIER
VISITS AND I KNEW THERE
TO BE A SUPPLY OF SOIL
SECRETED IN ITS CELLARS.



I AM PREPARED
THIS TIME... SO
YOU WILL SURELY
DIE!

monster

YOUNG VINNY CORBAM AND HIS MONSTER-LOVE TERRY WERE ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW, NOW, ON A LONELY SCOT FISH ROAD -

SEEMS THE POLY AND THE MONSTER WERE TRAVELING ON THAT MOTOR BUS, INSPECTOR HALLER.



BECAUSE THEY MUST HAVE STOLEN IT FROM THE DOOR. THEY KILLED DOWN REEDER'S WIFE.

THAT MAKES FIVE KILLINGS, GANN TERRY. HOW MANY MORE BEFORE WE STOP THIS ROUTE?



THEN CAN'T HAVE GOT ALL THAT FAR ON FOOT. TELEGRAPH THE MONSTER IDENT - KIT PHOTO TO ALL STATIONS - ALERT ALL MOBILE UNITS -

I WANT THAT MONSTER FOUND!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE OF STRATHA -

ACCORDING TO MY MAP, CORBAM'S JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM HERE.



THAT'S WHAT WE'LL FIND THE DOCTOR WHO CAN MAKE YOU BETTER LUNGE TERRY!

GOODER! TERRA LUNGE, DOB GOODER!



I'VE STILL GOT SOME MOREHON LEFT, MANGE WE CAN HAVE A BOAT AND SAIL RIGHT ACROSS!

OH NO!



SCALAN
SCRIPT:
R. CLARK
ART:
REDDONDO
LETTERING:
P. BEVILLING



EXCUSE ME, MISTER—
IS THERE ANYWHERE
WE CAN HIRE A
BOAT?



DONNA BE CAREFUL!
LADDER 'NE CANINA
TAKE A BOAT OUT
IN WEATHER LIKE
THIS!



IT'S NON
MONSTER
THAT WAS
ON THE
TUG!

TELLER?
TELLER?
TELLER?



PLEASE, DON'T START
ANY TROUBLE! ALL WE
WANT IS A BOAT!

STAND BACK,
SON, WAITTIE—
THE NET!



GOT HIM!

NAAA!



PULL HIM
DOWN!

HE'LL
NO GO
DOWN!

KNOCK HIM
OUT THEN!



YAAAH!



STOP IT!
DON'T BE
SWEARING
HIM!

BUT UNCLE TERRY'S STRENGTH
WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE NET.



AAAH!



YOU HIT
TERR! HIT!
HIT! NOW
TERR HIT
YOU!!!



UNCLE TERRY:
STOP!

WOODO STOP!
BAADO MEN!
TERR WAATE!



THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SENT THE
MAN FLYING INTO THE WATER.



UNCLE
TERRY:
DON'T!



TERR
WOODO
STOP!

TERR
KILL!

UUURGH!



UT, AS UNCLE TERRY
PREPARED FOR THE
DEATH BLOW...

STOP IT!G!
I WON'T BE
FRIENDS WITH
YOU ANY MORE



ALWAYS!
SEE FRANK! TERR'S
ONLY FRANK!
TERR NEEED
FRANK!

THEN WHY DON'T
YOU DO WHAT I
TELL YOU?



SOLORE, FRANK!
TELL NEEED SE FRANK
AGAINN! FRANK!

OH, UNCLE
TERRY! YOU
ALWAYS SAY
THAT!



THERE-
THAT'S
THEM!

OH HERE!
THE
POLICE!



COWD OH, UNCLE
TERRY! WE'VE GOT
NO CHOICE NOW!



IF THEY WON'T
RENT US A BOAT,
WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO TAKE ONE!



Best
Pondy! "Swim!" "What Swim?"

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

HI, MAX HERE AGAIN. THE BUILDING COMPUTER OVER AT RABBITWELL TOWER, YOU'LL REMEMBER I CAUGHT A YOUNGSTER SCRAMBLING GRAFFITI ON ONE OF MY WALLS. THE CHEEK!

OF COURSE, I TOOK HIM STRAIGHT TO MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR

YAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!

AND ON THAT FLOOR, MASTER CHEEZY, BELIEVED HE WAS PLUNGING TO HIS DEATH FROM THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

LOOK - UP THERE!

IS IT A BIRD?

IS IT A PLANE?

++ CHEEZY REBOUNDED NICELY... INTO A WATER HYDRANT! ++

UURGH!

NOW - IT'S SOME GOOKY KID WITH A SPRAY CAN!

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
IAN HOLLAND
ART:
ORTIZ
LETTERING:
M. PETERS



++ BUT I HADN'T FINISHED WITH MASTER CHEEZY ++



DEPOSITED HIM AT THE GROUND FLOOR ++

YOU'LL FIND CLEANING MATERIALS IN THE STORE CUPBOARD BY THE STAIRS.

HEH? OH - YEAH! RIGHT, MAX!

I'M NICE THAT WAY. I LIKE TO HELP PEOPLE WHEN I CAN.

OF COURSE, IF THEY DON'T PLAY THE GAME WITH ME, I SOON LET THEM KNOW ABOUT IT. BUT YOU DON'T NEED ME TO TELL YOU THAT.

++THE BEST OF THE WEEK I SPENT DOING WHAT I LIKE BEST...HELPING MY TENANTS++

IT'S FOR YOUR BEDSIDE WHILE YOU'RE CONVALESCING.

A PORTABLE TV! BUT MAX, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!

NOT AT ALL! I'M DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU BACK.

GUESS I WON'T BE NEEDING THIS ANY MORE!

++MRS HENDERSON HADN'T RECEIVED HER NEW FAMILY ALLOWANCE BOOK, SO I GAVE THE CHSS COMPUTER A GOOD TELLING OFF++.

ANY NEW BOOKS ARRIVED? OH, THANK YOU, MAX!

++ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, A MOST UNUSUAL TYPE PAID A VISIT TO JERRY, MY CONTROLLER++

WALLY SKEGG, SKEGG'S INSURANCE

WE DON'T NEED ANY INSURANCE, MAX SKEGG, THE COUNCIL HANDLES ALL THAT.

++I MUST SAY, MASTER CHEEZY MADE A SPLENDID JOB OF REMOVING HIS UNSIGHTLY SCRAWLS++

++IN FACT, YOU COULD SAY MY THIRTEENTH FLOOR HAD CLEANED UP HIS BEHAVIOUR! I MAY EVEN RECOMMEND HIM FOR A CLEANING JOB WITH THE COUNCIL ++

++WEDNESDAY WAS A RED-LETTER DAY. OLD MR. CROSSER CAME HOME FROM HOSPITAL ++

A PRESENT? FOR ME?

IT'S FROM MAX, DAD.



GHASTLY'S Creepy Captions!

MY LAST CAPTION CONTEST WAS SO POPULAR, MY POST-GHOUL IS STILL SORTING THROUGH YOUR WILDEROUS SUGGESTIONS. FOR THIS LATEST CONTEST, IT'S LIKE YOU TO THINK UP NOT ONE, BUT TWO CAPTIONS. HAVE A LOOK AT THE PICTURE FROM THE 800 SERIES 'DAY OF THE TRUFFIDS'. WHAT DO YOU THINK THE TRUFFIDS ARE SAYING TO EACH OTHER? SEND YOUR SUGGESTIONS, USING NOT MORE THAN TEN WORDS FOR EACH CAPTION, TO ME AT THE USUAL ADDRESS. AND MARK YOUR ENTRY **CREEPY CAPTION 3**. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY **FRIDAY, JULY 14TH 1984**. I'LL PAY £10 TO THE SENDER OF THE BEST ONE I RECEIVE.



ARE WE ABOUT TO 'WAVE' GOODBYE TO UNCLE TERRY?

*It looks like he's coming to a watery end in next week's **'MONSTER'**!*

Don't be a WET - order your copy of **SCREAM!** now!



TALES FROM THE GRAVE

The man they called... DOCTOR DEATH!

part two

"I MANAGED IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT TO GET
THE ARM PHILLARY HIRED A COUPLE OF
'EXPERTS' TO 'LIP HIM.
EXPERT GRAVE ROBBERS?"

"DINK, BUT THIS PADLOCK OFF, SID
WHAT, ER... WHAT EXACTLY MIGHT
YOU BE IN THE MARKET FOR?"

"NEVER YOU MIND,
FOR YOU AND HOPKINS
HAVE BEEN PAID WELL—
PAID TO DO SOME
DIGGING AND FIND
NOT TO ASK QUESTIONS."

"THAT'S THE ONE—I
WATCHED THE FUNERAL
MYSELF THIS
MORNING GET
DIGGING."

"RIGHT
YOU ARE,
SID."

"FOR AN HOPKINS EYE ABOUT
THEIR DISHONEST WORK, WHILE
PHILLARY GET AN' Pondered..."

"G'DAY TO YER." "APPEN
YOU'RE BURNIN' TO EAR
MORE ABOUT DOCTOR
PHILLARY AN' HIS
EXPERIMENTS TO BRING
DEAD BODIES BACK
TO LIFE. HE KNEW THE
BODY OF WENLOCK—A
COACHMAN KILLED
IN AN ACCIDENT—AD
A PERFECT ARM AND
HAND FOO IS WORK."

SCREAM

SCRIPT:
R. HUNTER
ART:
TIM WATSON
LETTERING:
P. KNIGHT

"LIGHT THE
LANTERN, THE
GRAVE'S OVER
THERE!"

"WE DON'T LOOK THE THEVIN'
KIND, IF YOU ASK ME. ALL THE
MORE GOOD FOR US, EH? AN'
NO HOLDIN' OUT ON MY SHARE
THIS TIME, OK?"

"I'M REDUCED TO THIS—
POURING THE DEAD INSH
A COUPLE OF EVIL BODIES
AS ACCOMPLED. BUT
SCIENCE WILL REVEAL...
I MUST GO ON."

"PARTY WIMLOCK'S LEADY BODIES
COULDN'T SURVIVED
AGAIN..."



"FIRE IT
BE STR!"

"GOOD, QUICKLY
NOW—GET IT
OPEN!"



"LET'S GET
THIS OVER
WITH..."



"WIMLOCK'S NIGHT BODIES
WENT UNSEEN BY
BOX IN PHALLARY."

"NOW WHAT MIGHT
YOU BE ABOUT TO DO
IN AN 'IMPLEMANT
LIKE THAT, SIR?"

"I AM GOING
TO TAKE SOME
THING I NEED
FOR MY WORK."

"AND I'M
TAKING
YOUR
WATCH!"



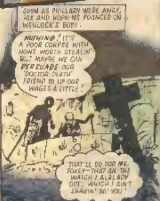
"IMPLEMANT THIEVES SUCH AS THESE
AS SEEN MANY A DEAD MEN ROBBED—
BUT THEY'D NEVER SEEN A LEADY
STOLEN AFORE!"

"GRIES!
IT...IT'S..."

"...HORRIBLE!"



"IT'S DONE—I HAVE
TO TAKE THIS BACK TO
MY LABORATORY. YOU
TWO STAY UP HERE
AND RE BURY THE
BODY PROPERLY!"



"GONE AS PHALLARY WERE ANY,
HE AND WOMEN'S POUNCES ON
WIMLOCK'S BODY!"

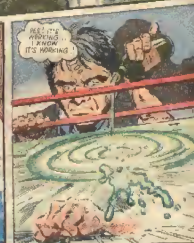
"NOTHING! IT'S
A POOR CORPSE WITH
MIGHT WORTH STEALIN'
BUT HERE WE CAN
PERSUADE OUR
'DOCTOR DEATH'
FRIEND TO UP OUR
WAGES A LITTLE!"

"THAT'LL DO FOR ME,
SIR—THAT'LL BE THE
WAGE I ALREADY
GOT, WHICH I DON'T
SHARIN' IN YOU!"



"PHALLARY WENT BACK AT WORK
IN HIS LAB IN NO TIME."

"EVERYTHING'S
READY—JUST MAKE
THE CONNECTIONS
AND SWITCH THE
CURRENT ON..."



"YES! IT'S
WORKING...
I KNOW
IT'S WORKING!"



"IT MOVES— I'VE BROUGHT IT BACK TO LIFE!"



"HOURS LATER, PHILLARY HAD COMPLETED HIS FIRST BATCH OF RESSS..."

"SUCCESS— COMPLETE SUCCESS! ALL THE RESULTS PROVE IT LIVES AND WILL GO ON LIVING. NOW I MUST REST— MUCH MORE WORK WAITS FOR ME TOMORROW..."



"OUT IN THE NIGHT THE TWO GRAVE-RUBBERS WERE RETURNING HOME..."

"GET THE LIGHT!"

"ONE— CHARTERED PIST POPS, IF WE HADN'T BURST IN—"

"SUDDENLY MURPHY REALISED HE BLUNDERED."



"JACK WERE WELL KNOWN FOR A QUICK TEMPER..."

"NEW MURPHY? LET ME SEE... PHILLARY'S NAME ON IT? SO YOU RUINED IT FROM HIM AND THOUGHT YOU'D KEEP ALL THE PROFIT TO YOURSELF, HA?"

"N-NO COVER— WE'RE GOING TO SHOW HER— HONEST I WERE!"



"NO NO!"

"DOUBLE GROSS HE SHOULD BE? WELL PER HON'T AGAIN!"



"THAT'S THE END OF YOUR CHEATIN' DAYS, HENRY HOPKINS, ARE AN' I RECKON I CAN PRODUCE DOCTORS DEATH TO ELP GET END OF YER BONE!"



"AT THAT VERY MOMENT, WHILE PHILLARY WERE SOUND ASLEEP, IN 'IS LAB THE 'SUCCESSFUL' EXPERIMENT CONTINUED..."



"BUT EXPERIMENTS CAN BE TOO SUCCESSFUL!"



Next Installment: Death to Doctor Death!

IT SEEMED LIKE DOWN SLEEPING. A THREE-FOUR OF A GIGANTIC CANNONBALL IN LONDON FOR YEARS. BARRY HAD NO FEELING NOTHING LEFT. IT WAS SHORT. (HE HAD NO HARDLY CARED FOR HIS BROTHER ON THE WAY FROM THE DEPARTMENT HE HATED.

OUT OF THE FOG!

I WON'T GO BACK AND NOT EVEN!



SCREEN
SCREPE
ANALYSE
MUT
BOLICA
MURDER
MUTING

MY BROTHER IS THE MOST DEAR TO ME
BUT THE MOST DEAR TO ME
OPHANE

WAS
SAYS
A
SAY
BROT

MY BROT
NEVER
KILLED
ANYONE
HE'S
INNOCENT
I KNOW
HE IS!

WAS
ON
BROTHER
FOR
LAST

WAS
OLD
MAN'S
A
WALKER

IM
TIRED
IM
HUNGRY
I
DON'T
KNOW
WHERE
IM
GOING
AND
THE
FOG
IS
SO
COLD

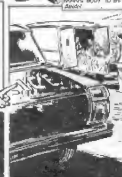
SUDDENLY

WELL-WELL
THAT'S









MUCH LATER, A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER WHO SORTED AMONG IT OUT...

WELL, BY MERTLE'S
CONFESSION, IT'S CLEAR
YOUR DAD WAS THE
VICTIM OF A FRAME-UP.
NOW HE'LL BE FREED
IMMEDIATELY, AND
WITH HANDSOME
COMPENSATION...

THEY MIGHT
ALL HAVE
TO GO
BACK TO THAT
TERRIBLE
ORPHANAGE.

WHAT PUZZLES
ME, IS HOW YOU
CARE TO GO IN
AMERICA'S HOUSE?

I D-DON'T
KNOW IT WAS
THE FOG AND
AN OLD TEAM
WHO POINTED THE
PLADE OUT TO ME
ONE AFTERNOON
WAS THERE -
AND THEN HE JUST
WALKED AWAY.

WOULD YOU-
ER-RECOGNISE
HIM AGAIN IF
YOU SAW HIM?

50

STUD FROM OUR RECORDS THAT THE MAN YOUR FATHER WERE ACCUSED OF KILLING WAS AN OLD TRAMP. . .

WE'VE
GOT A
PHOTO
OF YOUR
MIGHT
HERE!

IT'S THE TWO
TEAM I SAW
B-BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

7470554.8"

OF COURSE
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NO-ONE BELIEVES
IN GHOSTS ANY
MORE!"

...ON PAGE 1



012 1234
567890

Dead Soldiers!

BLOOD TRACK!



GREETINGS, MORTALS! THIS IS ALL ABOUT A LITTLE SPOT OF TROUBLE... IT'S CALLED...



EXACTLY IN THIS CRAFT BY BACK

SARY STEADMAN WAS TRYING OUT HIS NEW 1000cc MACHINE...



OH, NO!



AAAAH!

THE MAN FINISHED UP IN A DITCH



UHM... B-B-B-B... NO... PLEASE!

M-H-E'S STILL ALIVE! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD CALL THE LAW... AND GET AN AMBULANCE.



OH SECOND THOUGHTS! I MIGHT GET ALL THE BLAME! MUST ACT OUT OF SELF.



WELL, STEADMAN GOT RUN BY HIM!

THAT'S SURELY I DON'T NOTICE THAT BEFORE, SOME RED ON HIS WINDSHIELD! MUST BE BLOOD!

STEADMAN, 5000 BUILT AND ALL SURVIVED, AND HE IT BOUGHT



HIT AND RUN MANIAC
HOSPITAL TECHNICIAN DIES IN DITCH
HIS LIFE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED SAY POLICE

A FEW HOURS LATER



BEHOLD THE BLOOD! GOING ON! "WELL... I CAN'T BE THE SAME SPOT OF BLOOD ON THE WINDSHIELD."



HE TRIED TO WING IT OFF

LET HIM! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW COULD I COME BACK?

USED AND HATED. GARY WENT
TO HIS LOCAL DEALER.



DO YOU WANT TO
CHANGE YOUR MACHINE?
TALK A NEW ONE OUT ON
A SHORT DRIVE.

GOOD DEAL...



NOT NO! I DON'T
BELIEVE IT! THE
BLUES' BACK!



NOTHING STRANGE
CAN HAPPEN WITH A
NEW MACHINE - IT
GIVES YOU A FEEL!

WE'LL BILL
MINORLY RIDING
LIFE HERE!



HEY, THIS IS
NEAR THE SPOT WHERE
I CLOSERED TWO OLD
CUTTER! STILL - WERE
WALL I GOT TO HIDE
ABOUT?



AAAAAHHH!

THAT WAS A CATASTROPHIC
LOSS OF CONCENTRATION!

LATER, STEADMAN
WAS IN HOSPITAL...



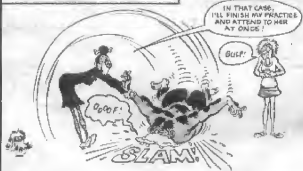
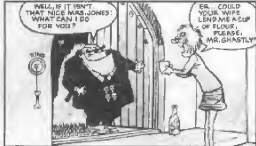
GET DOWN TO THE
BLUES' BACK, WE!
THIS PINK CAMP HERE
WAS A BETTER IN
IMMEDIATE TRANSMISSION!

SALE AT THE BLOOD LAB

THE BROTHERS... THE
ALL... THE... THE...
BUT NOT! IF NOT! BE THE
TACTIC OF THE TECHNIQUE AND
THE... THE... THE...
THE ONE WHO DIED RECENTLY
IN THAT BIRTHDAY-PARTY
ACCIDENT!



THE
END





The NIGHTCOMERS

INVESTIGATING THE DEATHS OF THEIR GHOST-HUNTING PARENTS, SUCK AND BETH ROGAN HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY SANDY CUTLER, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS IN DIMENSIONALITY HAD FULFILLED HIS DREAM. RAVEN'S MEET, WITH CIVIL ENGINEER NOW CUTLER, PREPARED A SACRIFICE...



CUTLER, YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S SHEER MURDER!



THERE IS NO OTHER WAY.

TERROR HAD DERANGED THE OWNER OF RAVEN'S MEET!



FORGIVE ME, GIRL, FOR WHAT I MUST DO! ONLY THE BLOOD OF YOU AND YOUR SISTER WILL REPENT THE DEMONS!



SACRIFICING US WON'T SAVE YOU! YOUR GODS WILL BE THE KEY TO THE HORROR OF RAVEN'S MEET! THE DEMONS ARE USING HER EARTHEN SPIRIT AS A STEPPING STONE TO THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

NO... NO!

CUTLER, STOP! LISTEN TO ME!

SCREEN
SCRIPT: T. TWIN
ART: ZACHAROVICH
LETTERING: PROUDMAN



LOOK AT THE PAINTING, CUTLER. IT'S CHANGING!

WHAT? OH GOOD GRACE!

IF HE ENTERS READY INTO OUR WORLD... HE WON'T REWARD YOU, HE'LL DESTROY YOU!

NO! NO! YOU'RE LYING!

SAPHOMET IS GETTING STRONGER, AND STRONGER...

SAPHOMET WAS THE EVIL DRAGON INVOKED BY CUTLER.



ETHAN ROSAN HAD EARNED
HIMSELF A PRECIOUS RESPITE!



I AM THE DEMON'S
SERVANT... HIS
FRIEND! BAPHOMET
WOULDN'T HURT
ME!

YOUR CHANCE NOW IS TO
USE MY MENTAL POWERS...
TO CONTACT THE
SPIRIT OF CUTLER'S
WIFE.

NO!! I WON'T LISTEN
TO HIS TALK. THE
MIGHTY BAPHOMET
AWARDS HIS PRIZE!



I HEAR
YOU!

IN A NEARBY COUTHOUSE, A MIST
SEEMED TO FORM ABOVE THE
WELL INTO WHICH BIGHN CUTLER
HAD THROWN THE BODY OF HIS
WIFE.



NO, CUTLER,
FOR BETH'S SAKE!
DON'T DO IT!



EDNA, LET OUT... FINDING A GREAT SCHEME! HELP
ME... AND I WILL HELP YOU... TO FIND THE ETERNAL
REST THAT YOU DESIRE.

BUT, SUDDENLY...



UUUUH? THE
GIRL'S FACE... IT'S
CHANGING...

BAPHOMET MUST
HAVE SUMMONED
YOU HERE! THE
GIRL WAS RIGHT!



WHAT ON
EARTH?

IT... IT LOOKS
LIKE...

SONA?



THEY'RE ALL AGAINST ME!
BUT I'LL DESTROY YOU,
BAPHOMET! TEAR YOUR
PAINTING TO SHREDS...



AAAAIEEEEE!

WHA-? AM I HAND...
TWISTING TOWARDS ME!
AS IF IT'S GAINED A LIFE
OF ITS OWN! OH, NO...
BAPHOMET YOU'RE
DOING THIS...



AT THAT MOMENT, RICK ROGAN SNAPPED
THE DDBBS CUTLES, HAD BOUND HIM WITH...



UNNNN
I'M FREE!

STAY BACK,
RICK! THE
DEMON!

IT'S JUST A
PAINTING! WOOD
CANVAS, PRINT!



BURN LIKE THE
DIRTY OLD BUNCH YOU
ARE, BAPHOMET!



UUNGH!

NEEEARRRGH!

FOR A FEW SECONDS, A SHRIEKING, A MALEVOLENT BEDLAM SEEMED TO FILL EVERY CORNER OF RAVENS NEST, AND THEN...

IT-IT'S GONE! THE DEMON, THE EVIL ENERGY OF THE HOUSE! EVEN I CAN SENSE IT! ... DID IT, BATH?

YOU HELPED...

THE DEMON WORKED AGAINST ITSELF... BY KILLING CUTLER! BECAUSE THAT WAS ALL THAT EDNA WANTED-REVENGE FOR WHAT HE DID TO HER.

BUT NOW SHE'S AT REST! AS SOON AS HER RESTLESS ENERGY VANISHED FROM THE HOUSE, SO DID THE EVIL OF SAPHONYET!

WE HOPE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, SIS!

DOWN WAS BREAKING OVER BATH'S WEST!

LET'S HOPE OUR FOLKS ARE AT REST TOO. NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT DEATH KILLED THEM!

I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO TROUBLE THE POLICE, RICK!

THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT CUTLER'S WIFE FOR A START! SHE DESERVES A DECENT BURIAL!

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, MAYBE WE'LL JUST DROP THE POLICE A LINE - WITHOUT GIVING IT, OF COURSE!

GOOD IDEA! I DON'T THINK THEY'D BELIEVE THAT BIT ABOUT THE DEMON!

YES! AND THERE'S THE LITTLE MATTER OF A HOUSE WHICH TRIED TO KILL US! A DEMON WHICH MURDERED CUTLER, BY MAKING HIM SLICK A KNIFE IN HIMSELF! A RITUAL SACRIFICE!



A new Road Thriller next week!

